Years Gone By

Story: Years Gone By
Storylink: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/2311345/1/
Category: Golden Sun
Genre: Romance/Drama
Author: Lord Cynic
Authorlink: https://www.fanfiction.net/u/30617/
Last updated: 03/19/2005
Words: 2924
Rating: K
Status: Complete
Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters
Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: Set 10 years after the timeline of TSLOA. Mostly in the POV of a certain brunette male, and it's mainly about the progress of the characters as relationships have settled down. However, he may be having problems dealing with his own relationship. ONESHOT

Chapter 1: Years Gone By

Lord Cynic: "Um... er... is anyone there?"

There is complete silence.

Lloyd Cynic: "H-Hello? Is anyone there? I'm still alive, yoo ho - h-hey! Why does it say Lloyd!"

There is now a snicker among the audience

Lord Cynic: "Okay, okay, I get it! Enough of the Tales of Symphonia references!"

Mini Felix: "Feel the pain... of those inferior beings... as you burn in hell!"

Lord Cynic: "AAAAHHHH! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!"

Lord Cynic: "Seriously though, I *am* back. Unfortunately, it is NOT an update, but a one-shot. That's how I do things, I make one-shots to get in da groove. For anyone who doesn't read my profile, this is a spoiler for the couplings in my The Secret Life of Adepts fanfics, because it's set 10 years after the timeline of those stories. Yes, that's right. I finally solved the war between Felix, Ivan and Sheba! Muwahahahahaha!" (*keeps typing Lloyd instead of Lord*) "Gah... you see the bind I'm in?"

Lord Cynic: "I don't own Golden Sun. I 0wn at it, though." (*Dr. Evil laugh)*

Years gone by

The sun set over the horizon of Weyard as brown orbs opened slowly to gaze at the pale bleeding landscape. The orbs blinked repeatedly, adjusting to the metamorphosing light in the sky. They were weakened from the day's toil, but still sharp enough to glimpse at their surroundings. As the sky changed shades, the owner of the orb's face distorted into a minute smile. Just that one alteration transformed the man's appearance dramatically, and he briefly possessed the youthful energy that had finally began to elude him 12 years after his big adventure across the world of Weyard. In fact, only his trimmed brunette hair (formally a ponytail) showed any indication of age.

The man's smile faded slightly when he heard a sharp voice behind him.

"Felix, there you are!" it said, with an unwavering tone of bossiness. The owner of the voice strode up to the man, and was revealed to be a woman, two years younger than the man (who was 30). Her long hair, which reached near the small of her back, was the same shade as the man's so it was evident that they were, if not siblings definitely related.

The man, now revealed as Felix, had his back turned to the young woman as she stomped towards him. He didn't give any verbal reply to her statement, but a shrug of his shoulders indicated that he'd heard her. She took this as a cue to keep talking.

"Come on, everyone's waiting for you," she demanded, and she grabbed his arm and started dragging him back to town. Felix sighed inaudibly and permitted his sister to forcefully quicken the progress by walking faster along the dirt path.

(**A.N.:** *Thanks for the clear up, Corycian Muse. In the words of Zelos: "Urg... I am so sad now..." ")*

Eventually, they reached the entrance to the village of Vale. It was a quite little village, which, even after being rebuilt for a decade, still emitted an aura of freshness and recent toil and hard work. The houses were almost the same as they had been 15 years ago, so it was as if nothing had ever changed - except for a well at the entrance arch of the village.

That's where the pair found a tall, red-haired man tugging at the rope. His broom-like hair was just as it had always been, sticking up like a hedge in someone's garden. The fact that his face was sopping with sweat and effort while his hair remained the same would raise many eyebrows. In the brunettes' cases, they were wondering why he was the well in the first place.

"Garet, just what are you doing?" the woman enquired immediately. The red-haired man jumped and nearly released the rope he was pulling. He turned to the new arrivals, whom were eyeing him suspiciously.

"Oh, Jenna, didn't see you coming," he said, flustered after the slight shock he just experienced. "I... was... just getting some water."

"I see that," the woman known as Jenna said. "What I want to know is why?"

"Oh, well, Ivan and Sheba said they needed it," the redhead known as Garet said. He furrowed his brows. "They didn't tell me why, though."

Jenna sighed as Felix hovered in the background of the conversation.

"Do you do everything people tell you to?" she asked exasperatedly.

"If I did, I probably wouldn't have married you 10 years ago," Garet replied, smirking. "I'd have listened to your dear, paranoid older brother and stayed in a cardboard box as long as possible."

He talked as if the 30-year old brunette wasn't present. However, a cough and a piercing glare from Felix made Garet realise he was still there. He shrank back slightly, and Jenna giggled.

"Some things never change." She lifted herself onto her toes and lip-kissed Garet, ignoring the vein throbbing in Felix's forehead. "Come on, honey," she cooed. "Let's bring the water to those blonde sneaks. I want to see what they need it for."

Garet grinned and, also ignoring Felix's throbbing vein, followed his wife as they ventured further into Vale. In his rush, he'd forgotten the bucket of water, and Felix was forced to heave a sigh and carry it. He grabbed the rung with one hand and ambled after his sister and her husband as quickly as he could.

He'd finally caught up with them at a bridge - as well as finding two shortish blonde young adults, a man and a woman. From far away, a stranger would assume that they were twins. Indeed, the same sinister, mischievous smiles they wore almost every waking moment would suggest such. However, the other three people preset knew that, though they were related, it was because they were in fact man and wife. They had to wait four years after the others to wed legally (they were in mid-teens at the time of everyone

else's tying of the knots), but it didn't matter to them. Great minds think alike, some people would say. How true.

The blonde man grinned as the new company arrived. It was a shrewd grin, one that obviously hid something... or many things.

"Hey, you guys," he said confidently and cheerfully.

"Here's your water, Ivan," Garet said, but felt a light weight on the end of his arm - or no weight at all. "Hey, where'd it go?"

"Thanks, Felix," the blonde woman said; taking the bucket from the brunette male's hand. "Don't worry, Garet. You're not completely useless."

The redhead scowled, but he went unnoticed as Jenna asked the blonde woman a question.

"What do you need the water for, Sheba?"

The woman known as Sheba and the man known as Ivan grinned broadly. Without saying a word, they pointed over the side of the bridge to a grassy area near a small river. Felix, Garet and Jenna peered in that direction, and the man and wife pair grinned as well.

Sitting under a tree by the river were a blonde man and a blue-haired woman. They were snuggled close to each other as they relaxed under the large oak tree, content smiles fixed on their faces. Overall, they looked like they were in total bliss and infinite harmony.

"I don't think a nuclear Psynergy bomb could move them," Ivan muttered. "Then again, now that Mia's pregnant I doubt she and Isaac would ever want to unless they had to."

"When did that happen?" Garet asked, looking around at everyone as they sighed exasperatedly. The sun setting into the horizon provided an orange glow on the peaceful pair below, illuminating a large bulge in the blue-haired Mia's belly. However, it was partly blocked from view because the blonde Isaac was rubbing it to keep her comfortable.

"Honestly, Garet, if you were any slower you'd think today was last month," Jenna sighed. "Mia got pregnant two days ago, don't you remember?"

"Ohhhhhh, now I do," Garet said - after a few seconds. Most of the party face-faulted. "I wondered why he was jumping around with a big, goofy grin on his face that day."

"You're hopeless," Ivan said, shaking his head.

"Anyway," Jenna interrupted, before a fight could ensue, "what's the water actually for?"

"Oh, that's right," Sheba said, and she smirked snidely. Taking the bucket of water, she closed her eyes and conjured up a small cloud. She then poured the water into the cloud, and everyone watched it darken. "Now," she said to the cloud, "hover over the pair under the tree. Make sure they can't see you. When you're high enough, pour some rain on them, then stop suddenly. When they look up, disappear into the tree, and then repeat twice more."

Ivan snickered as the cloud went to comply with Sheba's orders. The group watched with biting lips as the cloud stationed itself over Isaac and Mia and sprinkled them with water. When the pair looked up, the cloud zipped into the leaves, and then repeated the sprinkling when Isaac and Mia looked back at the river. Wash, rinse, repeat.

The third time it occurred, Isaac brought out his sword and struck the cloud through the middle. Unfortunately, that caused the water to spill all over the poor pair. As they sat, sopping wet, the group watching erupted into uncontrollable laughter (except for Felix). Isaac and Mia noticed them, and in a flash (and ignoring Mia's bulging belly), they leapt onto the bridge to confront them. Garet and Jenna immediately shrank back, Felix stood to the side idly, but Ivan and Sheba were too busy guffawing to realise the new presence. However, when Isaac lifted both into the air with one hand each, they definitely felt a lack of solid ground under their feet.

"That was really funny," Isaac said through gritted teeth and laser-like eyes. "Making us wet for a laugh, really enjoyable. You're lucky if I don't stone spire you into the clouds myself."

"Now, Isaac," Mia said tenderly, placing a hand on his upper arm, "you don't want to do that, do you? What if Theodore or Sapphire were to follow your example?"

Isaac dropped his blonde friends to stare at his wife incredulously.

"You already have names picked out?"

"Of course," Mia replied, beaming. "They sound so precious, don't they?"

"Well, I guess so," Isaac agreed, and he received a kiss as a reward. "Bwaaahh..."

Garet and Jenna smirked at the effect of Mia's affection on Isaac, and all seemed well again. Well, except for the disgruntled grumbles from Ivan and Sheba as they picked themselves off the ground. Felix was content to remain

mute, as was his usual role in the group during the Golden Sun journey 12 years ago.

Finally, Isaac decided it was time to get walking. He told everyone to follow him and Mia back to his house, since dinner would be cooked soon. They complied, and together they set off. Isaac and Mia headed the group, Garet and Jenna followed, Ivan and Sheba trailed behind them, and Felix brought up the rear. It seemed like old times.

The group arrived at Isaac's house to find an old blonde woman tending to some flowers. Upon seeing her, Isaac rushed over to give her a hug.

"Hey, Mom," he said. The woman returned the hug with the same affection.

"Hi, dear," the woman said tenderly. "Oh, I see you've brought your friends again. Oh, and your wife too," she added with a wink.

Isaac blushed as everyone watched the scene with amusement.

"Hello, Dora," Mia said, bowing to the woman. "We've come to start cooking dinner."

"Everyone else is welcome, too."

"Thanks, Dora," everyone except Felix chorused. Dora wasn't deterred by his lack of speech, no one really was. She simply smiled again and allowed everyone access into the house. She followed them inside, and all of them started preparing dinner for the night.

Everyone had settled around the table when there was a tentative knock at the door. Confused, Dora stood up and answered it to find a red-haired woman looking anxious. She smiled when she discovered the visitor.

"Why, hello, Kay," she said warmly. "What brings you here?"

"Oh, hello, Dora," the red-haired girl said, wringing her hands nervously. "Have you seen Felix around?"

"Oh, he's right here," Dora said, moving aside from the door to reveal the brunette sitting with everyone at the kitchen table. "You're welcome to join us if you like."

"Y-Yes, I'd like that," Kay complied, a little flustered. They walked together into the kitchen, and everyone lifted their heads to greet the newcomer.

"Hello, Sis," Garet said cheerfully. "Nice of you to join us."

"Don't get friendly," Kay warned him. "You still need to replace my flowerbed."

"I know, I know," Garet muttered.

"Glad you could join us," Isaac said in a friendly tone. Mia nodded in agreement.

"Thanks," Kay said, smiling. She took a seat between Ivan, who was thumb wrestling with Sheba, and Felix, who was eating quietly. She tensed up as she watched the brunette's silent eating habits. "H-Hello, Felix."

Felix nodded to show he'd heard her, but hasn't paused in his eating. Kay relaxed slightly at the knowledge that he wasn't ignoring her, accepted a plate of food from Dora and started eating. All in all, it was a peaceful meal between

friends and family, albeit disrupted when a fork of peas got caught in Garet's hair for half an hour.

When the meal ended, everyone bid each other goodnight. Isaac and Mia disappeared upstairs with discreetly cheeky smiles on their faces, which went unnoticed for once. Ivan and Sheba left to devise schemes for the upcoming day, snickering as they walked out of the door. Jenna had to literally drag Garet away - he had fallen asleep due to eating too much food, and there was almost nothing that could wake the sleeping beast. As a result, she had to tie him with rope and drag him out along the ground.

That left Felix and Kay standing at the door. Kay was hesitant to leave, especially since Felix hadn't said a word to her all through dinner. He didn't actually say anything to anyone, but it was unsettling for her not to at least get a hello from him. It was as if he'd alienated himself from the rest of the world.

However, her train of thought was interrupted when the brunette extended an arm for her to take. She was shocked at such a gesture, but accepted it gratefully and they walked into the street together.

Felix and Kay were mostly silent as they walked along the footpath. Both were avoiding one another's eyes, and they couldn't find any words to say. Of course, Felix rarely said anything, but in Kay's eyes the least he could do is utter something, anything. Instead, he remained his muted self, and Kay was forced to break the silence.

"What's happened over the years?" she asked. Felix gave a grunt, which less than satisfied the red-haired woman. "Has

something happened to make you this way?"

Felix still gave no proper response, and Kay became irritated.

"Felix, answer me!" she cried. "I can't stand this, all the silence and isolation. I love you with all my heart, why don't you still love me? We've been married for ten years!"

Still no response. Kay became desperate.

"Please, Felix, let me hear your voice again! This is too horrible to bear! I don't know what it is I've done, but I don't think I deserve this. Please, speak to me, say somethi -"

However, she was broken in mid-plea when Felix threw his arms around her. He began sobbing, short, rasp, gasping sobs that tore away at Kay. It wasn't talking, but it seemed to do as she also broke down and cried, resting her head on Felix's shoulder as he held her tighter. From a distance, it would look like a solemn break-up, but in reality, it was the rekindle of someone's soul, and the reconciliation of their relationship.

They broke apart, and Felix gently brushed off Kay's tears with his hand. She looked up at him, her eyes shining with those tears, but also with the realisation that he, too, still loved her. He gazed back at her, and their eyes met like lightning bolts that exerted an intense sort of electricity. Slowly, smiles spread across their faces.

"You do love me still, don't you?" Kay asked, hoping that she already knew the answer.

Felix nodded, and spoke his first words for many years.

"Of course I do."

The years had gone by, but nothing had truly changed.

Lord Cynic: "Ummm... is that okay? Have I disgraced everyone? I hope not... this has been tugging my arm for months, and I wondered if I should go through it. Well, I have now, haven't I? Thanks for reading this, if you do."